Volume LXXII CHICAGO, OCTOBER 30, 1913 Number 9

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

THE CHURCH-GOING HABIT

"Holy the Custom that, week by week, calls men together in brotherhoods to remember God; to face their ideals; to thank, to confess, to forgive, to quicken the spirit of service. Through this quiet hour breathes the worship of ages, the prayers of forgotten generations, the cathedral music of history.

"Earnestly let us search ourselves in what spirit we come, to bring with us only the lowly and childlike heart, open to God, gentle to all things, except to the sins we have to confess.

"So shall our Day of Rest enrich us in heavenly things; quieting the heart, renewing the mind, restoring the soul, and strengthening our hands for the work which He gives us to do on the morrows."

—*Unity Hymns and Chorals.*

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ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXII THURSDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1913. NUMBER 9.

THE PLACE OF PEACE.

At the heart of the cyclone tearing the sky
And flinging the clouds and the towers by,
Is a place of central calm;
So here in the roar of mortal things,
I have a place where my spirit sings,
In the hollow of God's Palm.

The Nautilus. *Edwin Markham.*

It is worthy of note that in the recent Perry Centennial Celebration in Milwaukee, the city made famous by its beer, the prize float in the parade was that which represented the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

A recent number of the *Literary Digest* gives one page to tell of the "re-birth of religion in recent French poets," while on the opposite page a generous space is given to show the decline of the Protestant Church in Germany. Why is this? What is the matter with German Protestantism, and why have the enemies of religion, or, at least, religious institutions, inspired poets in the other directions? It behooves the thoughtful man not to give a snap answer to these questions. Perhaps German Protestantism is too cold intellectually and too far removed from the people, while German Catholicism is intensely social, lives close to the people, and is vitally and aggressively interested in civic affairs. Perhaps French rationalism is too negative, legal, a thing of politics and not of the heart. There religion, stripped of its ecclesiastical robes, rejoices in the more fitting garments of poetry, the language of the heart.

The Forestry Department at Washington notes that Canada cuts about two million cords of pulp wood annually, about half of which is exported for manufacture in the United States. What will we do for paper when pulp wood is exhausted? We also learn from the same source that the California red woods no longer hold the title to being the tallest trees in the world. Some of the eucalypts of Australia are taller. There are fifty-five different varieties of oak in the United States, the white oak being the most valuable. Owing to improved methods of treating and handling, the wood block paving is coming back into marked favor. The German foresters are trying to adapt the American Douglas fir to German climates and uses. It is not yet too late to plant trees, particularly the evergreen variety. Applied religion calls for tree planting next spring. Indeed, it is planting time all the year round in the realms of faith.

The humiliation of Governor Sulzer necessarily carries with it a lesson far beyond the boundaries of the state of New York. Here was a man who championed the cause of the people, who stood for progress and reform, who, we believe, sincerely had the peoples' interest at heart, but who had climbed into power on the slippery road of expediency; he had compromised with the integrities, probably promising his conscience to atone for any breach in private ethics by greater public service. As a result, he is a defaulter, driven to the wall by a notorious gang of corrupt and corrupting politicians. It is a case of a big thief successfully catching a small one. Which ever way we turn in this matter, we come upon humiliation and ethical confusion. In neither case can two wrongs make a right, or the end justify the means. Poor Sulzer must begin away back and way down and build for himself a character before he is entitled to the confidence of the citizens of New York, and Tammany must purge itself before it can plume itself with triumphs over outside sinners and enemies. We will hope that the unconvicted Sulzers all over the country, who are trembling in their shoes, will take warning and hasten to mend their ways, and we hope that other tiger-like organizations will take courage from Tammany's triumph and busy themselves with political house-cleaning from a higher motive than that which obviously actuated the New York gang.

At Columbus, Ohio, November 10-13, the Anti-Saloon League of America will celebrate its twentieth anniversary. This organization, the *Congregationalist* well calls "A great fighting machine." The league, from a humble beginning under the lead of Dr. H. H. Russell, a Congregationalist minister in Oberlin, Ohio, has grown to be a mighty power employing over seven hundred officers, with a huge publishing plant of its own that turns out thousands of tons of printed matter every year, and what is much better, has put thousands upon thousands of vicious saloons out of business permanently and has rendered millions of acres within the boundaries of the United States practically dry territory. It has secured

notable endorsement and reinforcement from the National Congress in the Webb bill, and there are more victories in store for it. The Anti-Saloon League has come to its present power by virtue of the persistent, sagacious business policy of conquering the territory by piecemeal, village by village, town by town, then county by county, and at last state by state. Eventually the American saloon,—a filthy resort, avoided by all self-respecting women, and from which, by law, public sentiment, and often even by the sense of decency of the proprietors, children are excluded,—will become a thing of the past. This does not necessarily settle the question of total abstinence. Men may drink alcoholic beverages in other ways, but the tippling places, the rendezvous of rowdies, the training school of inebriates, the rallying ground of corrupt politicians and the profane immoralities, must go.

While President Wilson, by his independence, gentle persistence and progressive policy, is awakening the enthusiasm of his friends, and conquering the antagonism of his enemies on so many lines, it is well for him and his friends, and the lovers of progress everywhere, to remember that the battle for democracy is not yet won; and that there are subtile reactionary forces at work that may bring reproach upon the administration, and a disappointment to its friends. There are reasons to fear that the bitter race prejudice against the negro, which still obtains to such a lamentable degree north and south, will take advantage of the change of administration and set back the clock in this direction. Certain movements towards segregating the colored workers, in the departments at Washington, cannot but act unfavorably upon the status of the intelligent colored man, and reinforce the unscientific, unwarranted, and what promptly becomes the immoral, discrimination against the black man, in the interest of the unfounded prejudices of the white. The *Congregationalist*, of recent date, sounds a note of warning under the heading of "Democracy at a Crisis." It says:

> A bill introduced by Representative Aswell of Louisiana, and now pending in Congress, is intended to secure "segregation of civil employees of the white race from those of African blood or descent" in all branches of the civil service. Other measures are proposed which would erect such barriers that colored people would disappear from the higher grades of the civil service.
>
> There is increasing danger that Washington may be traversed by "Jim Crow" cars, that a residence pale may be erected against colored Americans, and that the capital city of this great republic, pledged to equal rights and equal protection for all its citizens, may be transformed into an official center of race prejudice, blighted hopes and blasted ambition. Shall we be silent in such an hour?
>
> We have before us the spectacle of a hungry horde of office-seekers, led on by politicians of the majority party who have an avowed purpose to force colored Americans out of the government service in order to provide more places for political henchmen. They are working through an organization that bears the anomalous name of the Fair Play Association.

Coming Together

Do you mean it? In these days of denominational Conferences and Conventions, the air is full of rhetorical prophecies of a coming together while the proceedings are crowded with painstaking machinery that keeps apart.

Last week the National Universalist Convention met in Chicago. The same days the Baptists occupied the front of the stage in this city. A few days earlier the Unitarians flocked at Buffalo, which was followed by a great triennial rally of the Congregationalists at Kansas City. In all these conventions there was brave talk, earnest yearnings, sincere prayers for a co-operative tilling of the confessedly common ground occupied by denominations that indulge in the extravagances of separate plants, and the salaries, rentals and incidental expenses involved thereby. For many years the wise ones, those who assume to be "leaders" of thought, and "manage" things in the Unitarian and Universalist bodies, have admitted the obvious fact that theologically, socially and ethically they cover the same ground, effect the same ends. To an impartial observer up a tree, a modern Universalist and a modern Unitarian look exactly alike when they are far enough away so that the denominational badge which they wear on state occasions on the lapel of the coat is obscured. Both of these denominations indulge in golden dreams of uniting, to accomplish which they invoke the help of modern scholarship and the triumphs of science and art, and still they bide apart, waiting for an angel to come and trouble the waters of some Bethesda pool, after which one or the other will step in and be cured of its denominationalism. Each party hoping that the other will take the denominational cure first.

Last week the Unitarian Conference of Illinois held its twenty-ninth annual session at Bloomington, Ill. It was a dear fellowship of loyal souls, a little handful, representing less than a dozen societies, forgetting their fewness and nursing the conviction that they were necessary to the world, a belief well sustained by philosophy and experience. There was a tentative suggestion of a "union meeting" next year. Had they looked well into their history they would have discovered that twenty-nine years ago—at Rockford, was it? their organization was started under the name of the "Illinois Conference of Liberal Religious Societies," or words to that effect, and for a few years Universalists, Unitarians, the Ethical Culture societies, and Reform Judaism, with frequently a liberal orthodox element mixed in, held their meetings,—sometimes more often than annually,—with enthusiasm and efficiency. They even went so far as to maintain, spasmodically, a state agent in the field. But denominational prudence said, "Not just yet." The

"denominational" spur is wanting, the "denominational bacing" is needed, the "denominational bond" will be more effective. The writer believed at that time, and believes now, that the separation was ill-advised and the change of name uncalled for. Certain it is that the change of name did not bring any new tides of inspiration and that it has left the common field poorly tilled.

This denominational imbecility of the would be liberal denominations, is written large by the so called orthodox churches. Professor Rauschenbusch, in the *Congregationalist* of October 23, has a striking article entitled "The True American Church," in which,—with the academic fairness, which characterizes this clear thinker,—he outlines the great Christian groups which belong together. He recognizes the large fundamental differences that set the Catholic, Lutheran, and, we suspect, the would be liberal churches, out of reach of any synthesis, but he names the Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, Congregational, Disciples and the Dutch Reformed, as six distinctive bodies which are alike in essentials. Their methods of organization and form of worship have converged. He well says that a Sunday morning service in a Presbyterian Church differs in no essential from a service going on round the corner in a Methodist or Baptist Church. If they differ about their sacraments they have all outgrown sacramentalism, and so he sees what all other thinkers must see, that the logic of spiritual as well as physical interests, bring them together. The strange thing is, that no prominent thinker in any camp distrusts this logic. Indeed, they rejoice in it and teach it, and still the subtile conservatism of officers, the temporal anxieties of publishing houses, editors, secretaries and officials, down to the janitors, bell ringers, stenographers and elevator boys are anxious to preserve the status quo. In the secular world one would say, they are "anxious to hold their jobs." We would rather say that the discipline of the routine develops a feeling that the job and the cause are identical, that the mission and the missionary are one, and any attempt to separate these would be disastrous to both.

In this "coming together," perhaps a just spiritual survey of the field would show that the orthodox groups, as outlined by Professor Rauschenbusch, are coming together more rapidly, yielding to the spirit of the age more willingly, than that other group which includes would be "liberal churches," the non-creedal expressions of religion. Surely those forms of religion which have the shortest history, which are most free from the thralls of tradition, which are not held as hostages to a hoary past, should lead in the work of eliminating incidental barriers.

If there is a decline of interest in the churches, one explanation is discovered in the fact that there are too many churches, leaving the church people who ought to stand together, standing apart. When philosophy becomes organic and Protestantism is lifted out of its scandalous imbecility caused by what are now senseless schisms, religion will be more able to cope with the secular and material distractions that so impoverish life.

It is not simply a coming together but a togetherness already realized that demands a recognition.

"Whom God joins together let not man put asunder!'

CORRESPONDENCE

From a Kansas Pastor

Dear UNITY:—

Yesterday I read Newton's sermon on "The Mind of Christ" in last week's UNITY, and the light blazed so that I couldn't see my rush light at all.

I see more clearly than ever that what these small towns need is a deeper and more inspiring community life. The professional effort at dispensing goodness does not make for community consciousness. Its lack of spontaneity shuts off the power. The appeal of the church even, does not seem to be to the community, for the desire to increase the organization makes for provincialism. Sadly am I compelled to confess that the most Christ-like people I know are outside of any church organization.

Yet the spirit of God is at work on the democracy of the future and the hunger for brotherhood is compelling a cementing of the forces for good in these small towns.

Here, we have laid the foundation for a civic center in a community swimming pool. A survival of the jungle period was evident when this man and that man quietly tried to buy up all the stock. But fortunately the danger is over. We had three mornings free during the summer for the boys and girls, with some 165 in the pool at each time. Every evening there were that many adults, with hundreds on the seats watching the bathers. It was pathetic to see the same families night after night making for the pool. Never before had they had a regular meeting place where they could meet their friends. A few weeks more next season and the pool will be paid for. Plans are already under way for the spread of this civic center idea. An expert playground instructor is to be hired for next summer to give the children instructive play. A pavilion is also contemplated next to the swimming pool with dance hall, bowling alleys and recreation and meeting rooms.

For very much less than the cost of a Y. M. C. A. we can reach the whole community instead of a small group of men and boys.

By the way, the picture show man here is a very good friend of mine, so that when he opened a couple of Sunday evenings I had a chat with him with the result that he saw it was really for his good as well as for the community to keep closed—which he has. Besides which, he will never put on a picture that I don't approve of. This I take it is real rather than perfunctory censorship.

Any attempt to love for profit is suicidal.

THE PULPIT

The Definite Yea and Nay

A Sermon by

REV. ALEXANDER WEBSTER, of Aberdeen, Scotland

"Let your communication be yea, yea; nay, nay."
Matt. v:37.

Jesus was aiming at definiteness of thought and sincerity of expression; and, deeper still, of shapeliness and holiness of personality. He desired to see well-made persons, proportionate, healthy, beautiful, for only such could communicate distinctly. It was his mission to evoke and educate personality, to produce fine health and glorious goodness of human character.

In saying "Let your 'yea' and 'nay' be definite and truthful," he did not enunciate a law of the tongue merely, or ask for curt and bare utterance. He was not putting any artificial restraint on speech with a view of making it prim. He had in view the seat of all true communication in the selfhood. He did, indeed, ask for veracious language, for precise, fitting, meaningful utterance, but he did not suggest speech without grace and ornament. He himself spoke fluently and inwrought into his words a strength and significance which made them eloquent. He could condense and yet illumine his speech. In a sentence he could embody a profound truth, and by a single word convey a sublime idea. He had the power of high communication because he was a healthy man.

There is a virtue in brevity and good in plainness of speech, but Jesus was not thinking of length or style, but rather of the inner correspondence of the word with the thought, and of the thought with the character. His main concern was with character, the inner qualities of the personality, for he knew that out of the heart of the selfhood the word and every other expression came.

It is the soul that speaks. Character communicates. As the man is in his heart so is his thought, his conversation.

Emerson says:

> A main fact in the history of manners is the wonderful expressiveness of the human body. If it were made of glass or of air, and the thoughts were written on tablets within, it could not publish more truly its meaning than now. Wise men read very sharply all your private history in your look, and gait and behavior. The face and eyes reveal what the spirit is doing, how old it is, what aims it has.

When Jesus asked for a definite yea and nay, he sought for a definite manhood, a personality with a strong, clear, resonant significance. He had the Mosaic aversion to unholiness. He remembered the old Levitical injunction against deformity and dwarfness in the priesthood; that no one with any blemish in his form should appear in the temple service, and carrying the idea up into the spiritual sphere, he sought for healthy mindedness, whole heartedness and perfect shapeliness of soul. He knew that it is the spirit that quickeneth and qualifieth, and therefore he besought life in the spirit.

An erect, proportioned selfhood, truly inspired and richly communicative was his ideal for the individual. A clarified character, purged of grossness, sensitive to all the means of holiness, a fit instrument for the Highest, out of which only true words and deeds can come, is what he was aiming at. First, as the fundamental thing, *the holy personality,* then the holy word and the holy act are sure.

Jesus had no narrow, stern, ascetic notion of personality. He desired to have human nature developed and enriched with all the qualities proper to it. He was no stoic, no Puritan, no starveling of the soul, but a sympathetic, broad, generous idealist, who would have the soul perfect in all good. He had the artist's love of true form and quality and the artist's delight in beauty. He had also the mathematician's pleasure in distinct and lawful lines, in equations and correspondences. He could not bear anything out of line, illshaped or inharmonious. He had studied the shapely splendor of the grass, the geometric glory of the flower; he had marveled over the fine mechanism of the wing and the exquisite crystal, of the sand on the lake shore, and learned much of natures forms and laws. These he regarded as suggestions to man of uprightness, strength and grace. He thought it possible for a man to be significant of something real and good, expressive in all his movements of a special quality of being.

All the lines of structure he observed, all the modes of organization according to which substance, shape and quality come, were to him hints for man in his self-building, and he sought to have them honored as such, that man, by assimilation of them, might, according to his nature, be as divinely built as they. To the individual he said: "Let your personality say something definite, desire that it shall have a distinct meaning. Be not characterless and colorless, but manifest some vital principle, some real virtue."

But how was that to be? From whence can spirit and form be derived? On what lines can the definite personality be built? Jesus indicated that the building up of manhood should be on natural lines. He set up the ideal of an Infinite Perfection of whose perfectness by assimilation each man might parake. His persuasion was that God sought to express himself in human form, as in flower form or star form. The flowers and stars expressed him unconsciously; but man, as a conscious being, could co-operate understandingly with God in the making of himself. Man could watch God at work in other forms of life and realize the method of nature. He could analyze God's working in humanity on the scale of history, and by personal experience realize the divine life intention.

Discerning thus the laws of form, the ways of organization, the modes of the spirit of life, man could understand the will of God regarding himself.

Jesus believed in *the accessibility of the Divine Spirit.* Man is placed in the sphere of its natural working, intended as a capacity for it, an organ of its power, a user of its inspiration. Therefore the word of Jesus to man as a rational being under development was Observe, Reflect, Assimilate, Ask, Knock, Aspire, and atonement with the Perfect will be yours.

It was a natural humanity that Jesus pointed to,—a manhood grown in nature as other organisms are grown, and with the characteristics special to it full and good. By reason of its superior organization, the human can know, understand and contain more of God, and by gradual development attain to closer likeness to him.

Jesus saw that men were morally indefinite, insignificant, soulless. They were indeed lamentably dwafted and shallow, but that was not their worst,—

they were morally meaningless and useless. He endeavored to show that "it is the chief disgrace in the world not to be a unit; not to be reckoned one character; not to yield that peculiar fruit which each man was created to bear, but to be reckoned in the gross, in the hundred or the thousand of the party, the section to which we belong and our opinion predicted geogprahically as the north or the south." For his own people he virtually said: "We will walk on our own feet; we will work with our own hands; we will speak our own minds. A nation of men will for the first time exist, because each believes himself inspired by the divine soul, which also inspires all men.

Jesus saw that all nature's lines are definite; the straight line is rigorously straight and the curve is perfectly bent.

Nature is everywhere precise, decisive, meaningful. There is no wavering, hesitation or duplicity in her doing. From age to age her invariable processes proceed with a strongly marked constancy. With all her complexity she is without hypocrisy. She has many ways but one purpose. Once get hold of a law of nature and you have a clue to the outermost and innermost. She does not grow figs on thorns or grapes on thistles; her thorn is unmistakable and her thistle evident. There are no hypocricies in nature. She is sincere all through. There are close likenesses in things. The caterpillar is like the leaf it lives on. The trout's color is the same as that of the stones of the brook, but there is no deceptive pretense of sameness; the movement reveals the reality.

Jesus had so much of nature's integrity and truthfulness in him that he abhorred hypocrisy. He could not endure dissimulation and especially detested pretense in religion. He saw men in all manner of guises, acting and speaking falsely, aping virtues which they did not possess, and it hurt him spiritually. In view of the general falsehood he set himself to inwork reality into thought and conduct. He saw that the deception was vain, the hypocrisy was so evident that it did not deceive. It was common and therefore futile. When all were deceivers deceit was checkmated. Men knew themselves for simulators and did not believe the appearance or trust the profession. Their lying which was intended to produce the effect of truth actually got the reward of lying.

But the pretenders were too demoralized to give up their pretense though they felt the vainness of it. It had become habitual and was so ingrained as to form a second nature. No doubt they sometimes had to pretend unto themselves in order to have ease in their hypocrisy. The nausea of their disorder came upon them betimes, but not being honest enough to be real, they had to argue themselves into the belief that their pretence was good. "You cannot eat swine's husks forever without your stomach rising at such food. You must pretend that the husks stand for and represent something else, some wonderful caricature of bread and wine, or even of arbrosia and nepenthe."

There is no more pitiable wretch than the self-deceived, who takes his hypocrisy for honesty and his evil for good. He is complacent in his pretentiousness. Even in the temple he stands in all the pomp of simulation, saying, "I am not as other men are." while he believes his own life. He imposes on himself. When extorting most greedily, he credits himself with cleverness in making money breed; when lying most flagrantly he compliments himself on being an artist in language, and when drunk imagines he succeeds in trying to appear sober.

A novelist speaks of "the brute cowardice which is often the only tribute that a debased nature can pay to the incorruptible." The hypocrite actually pays a tribute to truth by imitating, but his tribute, being paid in false money, is not acceptable.

When Hamlet said to his mother: "Assume a virtue if you have it not, he did not mean her to be deceptive but to be really honest. The mere assumption was a descent on farther baseness, but the taste of the virtue assumed might be redemptive.

"Debar a' side pretences"

said our poet in the inspiration of his integrity, and that is the only way to wholeness of character.

Charles Reade has said of Scotsmen:

> They are icebergs with volcanoes underneath. Thaw the Scotch ice which is of the coldest and you shall get to the Scotch fire, warmer than any sun of Italy or Spain.

We have not been thoroughly honest with ourselves, not open and sincere enough.

It is not often that we come upon a false note in Burns, but there is at least the shade of cowardly concealment in the advice:

> Conceal yoursel' as weel's ye can
> Frae critical dissection.

The poet, however, atoned for the advice by reproving "the art of hiding" cultivated by "the unco guid."

The "icebergs" referred to by Reade were created by Calvinism. It repressed the natural warmth of the Scot's soul, and by its rigor soured and froze its normal geniality. By early dogmatic training the spontaneous movement of the mind was suppressed, the authorized dictation of belief prevented personal thought, and the whole influence of Calvinistic breeding went to the production of a heavy, gloomy, morbid disposition. What was termed the religion of the Scot was not a freedom but a bondage, not a sanctification of the natural selfhood but a repudiation of it, not a worship but a deprecation.

Hence in his religion the average Scot has been double minded, torn between what he was ecclesiastically taught and the inner realizations of his own mind. So he was made a hypocrite. Calvinism, being legalized and dominant, had all worldly interests bound up with it, and for the sake of materialities a man had to profess allegiance to it. The profession was, in general, a falsehood. Men said "yea" with their lips while their reason said "nay." The natural mind of Scotland never went with Calvinism. The dark creed was forced upon the people autocratically. Its setting up was entirely a piece of sacerdotal imperialism. There has not been in Scotland any freedom in religion even yet, though science has had a liberating influence and moral feeling has developed, men are not sincere in their religion. If they were they would make a new "yea" ring through the land with a regenerative influence.

How is the "yea" of the sincere mind to be produced? By tested knowledge, the honoring of natural facts, definite ideas, thorough thinking and truthful doing. We need to distinguish between realities and illusions, to have the courage of reason and the enthusiasm of advance. Primarily we need to recog-

nize the method of nature and set our whole life in harmony with it.

Prof. Caird says: "No complete reconciliation between opposing aspects of truth can ever be made unless each of them is drawn out to its utmost consequences and set in clear antithesis to the other." We need the "yea" of the scientist set up clearly to face the "yea" of the dogmatist. We have to let the enlarged and sifted affirmation the twentieth century sound out distinctly against the small and superstitious affirmation of the seventeenth century. We have to let reason declare and the imagination prophecy, to let the heart speak and the soul affirm. We have to arise and examine ourselves and clear our minds of cant. The house of our thought is full of images that do not represent realities, and we need to get rid of falsities, so that we shall know how to say "yea" and "nay."

What the true religion requires is sincere worship, truth in the worshiper's soul. There needs to be unity in the personality so that the "yea" of the understanding and the "yea" of the heart correspond, and the "nay" of the reason may also be the "nay" of the will.

We know by experience the weakness and misery of a distracted personality, the actual insanity of a nature divided against itself. It was to save men from that insanity that Jesus said, "Let your yea be yea, and you nay be nay." That is, let your selfhood be a verity, as large and as rich as may be, but proportionate and concordant. Let some true principle rule your life, being in your thought and action a co-ordinating influence and inspiring your whole character for its expression. Your communication is more than your word. Every movement is a "yea" or a "nay" in its essence. Your character expresses itself continually in all you do. Your religious and moral duty is to make your character a consistency and an expression of nature's truth.

A German thinker has said:

> Every human being has in him two opposite activities which attract and complete each other, like the two hostile electricities—the selfish activity through which he tends to maintain himself in his own individuality, and the humanitarian activity, through which he tends to sympathize with the universe.

These activities are not contradictory and unfriendly. The selfish activity is good in itself, and its function is to conserve the individual for the larger humanitarian purpose. Each one has the duty of making his selfhood as large and powerful as he can, but always with the view of having it subserve the larger life of humanity.

We have to make the yea and the nay of the self harmonize with the developing consciousness of the race.

We have to watch what Castelar called "the double movement of facts and ideas, philosophy and politics," and get it unified so that the facts we shape will correspond with our loftiest ideals, and our politics carry into practice the surest truths in our philosophy. Our constant personal determination should be to "balance the idea with the act," to think the truest and do the best.

Amiel advises:

> Learn to limit yourself, to content yourself with something definite; dare to be what you are, and learn to resign with a good grace all that you are not, and to believe in your individuality. Self distrust is destroying you; trust, surrender, abandon yourself.

In giving yourself thus to some unifying thought you secure and sanctify yourself. "When everything is in its right place within us we are ourselves in equilibrium with the whole work of God." Our Yea is his Yea, and our Nay is his Nay.

The author of "The Choir Invisible," speaking of one of his characters, says:

> "Life to him meant a simple, straightforward game played with a few well-known principles;" and he also speaks of "that growth of character which arises silently in us, built up out of a myriad nameless elements, beginning at the very bottom of the ocean of unconsciousness growing as from cell to cell, atom to atom,—the mere dust of victorious experience, the hardening deposits of the ever living, ever working, ever rising will, until at last, based on eternal quietude below and lifting its wreath of palms above the waves of life, it stands finished, indestructible, our inward rock of defence against every earthly storm."

In Paracelous, Browning has shown the attainment of a soul which started by saying to itself:

> Choose your side: Hold or renounce.

and chose

> One tyrant aim, absorbing all, one vast unbroken chain of thought, kept up through a career or friendly or opposed to its existence,

and at the end said:

> What's failure or success to me?
> I have subdued my life to the one end
> Ordained life; there alone cannot I doubt,
> That only way I may be satisfied
> I have reached
> Thus far a man; let me conclude a man.

THE ANGEL OF DISCONTENT

When the world was formed and the morning stars
Upon their paths were sent,
The loftiest-browed of the angels was named
The Angel of Discontent.

And he dwelt with a man in the caves of the hills,
Where the crested serpent stings,
And the tiger tears and the she-wolf howls,
And he told of better things.

And he led the man forth to the towered town,
And forth to the fields of corn;
And he told of the ampler work ahead
For which his race was born.

And he whispers to men of those hills he sees
In the blush of the golden west;
And they look to the light of his lifted eye
And they hate the name of rest.

In the light of that eye doth the slave behold
A hope that is high and brave.
And the madness of war comes into his blood
For he knows himself a slave.

The serfs of wrong in the light of that eye
March on with victorious songs;
For the strength of the right comes into their hearts
When they behold their wrongs.

'Tis by the light of that lifted eye
That error's mists are rent—
A guide to the table-land of Truth
Is the Angel of Discontent.

And still he looks with his lifted eye
And his glance is far away,
On a light that shines on the glimmering hills
Of a diviner day.

—*Sam Walter Foss.*

The New Cantata "Bethlehem"

Words by William ApMadoc.
Music by Wm. Rhys-Herbert.

[The following appreciative criticism and estimate of an American musical creation, western at that, from so high an authority as Sydney Grew in the *London Music Standard,* will interest the intelligent reader on its own merits, but UNITY readers will be especially interested in the production of these two Cambro-Americans. Mr. ApMadoc has been the successful leader in All Souls Church, Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago, for nearly a quarter of a century, and Dr. Rhys-Herbert is the organist in one of the leading churches in Minneapolis, Minn.—EDITOR.]

To the well known cantatas, "Bethany" and "The Nazarene," *Messrs. Fischer & Bro.* have added a third example of the same form in their recently issued "Bethlehem." This new work is the product of the authors of "Bethany" and "The Nazarene," Mr. William ApMadoc and Dr. W. Rhys-Herbert, who thereby have converted their creations into a trilology. Should they go one step farther and produce a cantata upon the subject of the Crucifixion, the result would be a tetralogy of exceptional value. "Bethlehem," however, like its two forerunners, is a separately existent work, and is to be performed without reference to them.

First, for the libretto: As must always be the case with modern tellings of old Bible stories, a considerable portion of the text is based upon direct Scriptural quotation. Both the Old and the New Testaments are drawn upon for this purpose, the former for the utterances of prophecy, the latter for the words of actual narration. Such vital phrases as "Comfort ye, my people," "And his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Prince of Peace," and the like, are therefore enshrined here, as well as such essential phrases as "Glory to God in the Highest." Thus the verbal material of the cantata has qualities to render it immediately familiar.

For the rest, Mr. ApMadoc has written original lyrics of attractive quality for solos, duets and choruses. Indeed, in many respects this libretto is a kind of an anthology of poetry relative to Christ's nativity. Sentiments which in centuries gone by were probably in the minds of every earnest or cultured Christian, are here brought forward with immense benefit to the cantata.

The days have gone by when doggerel verse passed muster in religious compositions. We have arrived at a state of mind when a beautiful and significant thought must be told to us in beautiful and significant manner. In this we are but returning to the methods of other days. It was the pressure of religious feeling in the late middle ages that gave rise to the prototypes of modern poetry (and, indeed, to modern music). It was also the pressure of a very similar emotion which in the poet—Shakespearan period—gave rise to innumerable lyrics of an unforgetable tenderness. Within the past twenty-five years a change has taken place, and we of the twentieth century have now a small army of minor poets whose lyric verse has the true emotional ring of the Christian faith. Not a few English and American composers have recently discovered mines of valuable inspiration in the religious poetry of the seventeenth century, and it is my personal belief that the same will eventually have to be said of the vast stores of religious poetry appertaining to the twelfth and thirteenth centuries—translated, of course, from its medieval Latin.

Mr. ApMadoc, therefore, has produced here a libretto absolutely in sympathy with the truest, most vital spirit of the day. I go so far as to say that at least one-half of it should be memorized by our Sunday School children along with their texts and catechisms. In every way would they benefit by so doing, as would no less the grown-up folk who will sing and listen to the cantata. Consider the delicate beauty of—

On the Hills of Bethlehem,
In the stilly night;
Every star a diadem—
Shining clear and bright;
Land of lily, rose and palm;
Land that prophets trod,
Where the Shepherd of the Psalm
Heard the voice of God.

or the maternal spirit of—

Where did you come from, baby fair?
Lullaby, oh, lullaby;
The're angel voices in the air.
Lullaby, oh, lullaby;
Thy birthplace could no humbler be,
Unworthy are these clothes of thee,
Yet, thou'rt a royal babe to me
Lullaby, oh, lullaby;

The few lines last quoted contain the essential spirituality of mother-love. Consider again the almost medieval vividness of—

O'er mountains and through valleys green,
Rode Melchior and Balthazar,
While Gaspar bold leading ever on—
All following the wondrous star;
In walls and towns, in the dawn's dim light,
Stood the great Jerusalem;
And men gazed wild at the guiding blaze—
'Twas the star of Bethlehem!

or the power of—

O mothers, mothers, why such weeping!
God's love and comfort have not fled;
Your little ones are only sleeping—
They cannot all be with the dead;
O mothers, mothers, there's a morrow
Of judgment coming unto them,
That brought into your homes such sorrow—
Your happy homes of Bethlehem!

I could quote up to the limits space, but must refrain, making no further remark upon this aspect of the cantata than this: That no observing, thoughtful singer or auditor can come into contact with this libretto without finding food for far-ranging thought.

The music is of the class Dr. Rhys-Herbert has made welcome in many towns and countries. It flows along in phrases naturally responsive to the forms of the verse, with touches of local coloring (as the shepherds pipe in the chorus, "On the hills of Bethlehem") and with dramatic outburst as need arises (instances of the latter being Herod's furious solo, "I am the king of the Jews," and the chorus, "They seek thy Son.")

The cantata, though not a short work, is mapped out with an unfailing sense of contrast. That is to say, the successive numbers are truly successive, no more vivid illustration being needed than the juxtaposition of the lovely "Lamentation" and the above mentioned solo of King Herod.

None of the choruses are difficult, though several of them call for extreme alertness on the part of the singers. One such is the number, "Then the three wise men." But throughout the work choirs will delight in the honest spontaneity of Dr. Rhys-Herbert's writ-

ing. Sections like the "Hosanna," that concludes Part I, make the reviewer sigh to be a chorister himself.

Perhaps one of the chief charms of "Bethlehem" lies in the skill with which the individual values of the different voices are brought out and maintained, the music being not so much arranged for choral use as conceived and written for the same. This is to be said as completely of the solo numbers, with which the cantata is lavishly supplied. The composer naturally allows himself a little freedom here, but never to a point of extravagance, and certainly never with a touch of arbitrary wilfulness. It is not easy to make musical quotations. At innumerable points the music is of the character which will fix it in the minds of the listeners, but these can scarcely be indicated by extract. The charming unaccompanied male voice chorus of shepherds will probably separate itself from the body of the cantata for use at Christmas services; also will the contralto solo, "The Peace of Thy Tranquil Kingdom." Indeed, the latter, which opens as follows:

The peace of thy tranquil kingdom,
Shall be unto all a balm;
It leadeth beside green pastures,
Where waters are still and calm;
The joy of thy blissful kingdom,
Our sorrow shall take away,
While ever and ever revealing,
The holy and perfect day.

will probably be widely heard outside of churches, chapels and oratorio halls. The "Lullaby" again (of which a verse was quoted above), with its delicate violin *obligato,* represents an hour of inspiration, and will do much to draw the hearts of congregations and audiences.

Finally, the cantata is laid out on complete lines, and thus is of considerable extent. But as the authors have again adopted the practicable form proven and established in such work as "Elijah" and "The Messiah" (where the different numbers are individually complete), intelligent chorus masters will have no difficulty in shortening the work by omission. This latter, however, must be carefully attended to, lest the artistic balance of the work—so noteworthy a feature of the original structure—be seriously disturbed.

In the London Music Standard *Sydney Grew.*

Very strikingly did Dr. Horton, the well-known Congregational minister at Hampstead, say in a recent sermon: "Christianity is a very simple thing, absolutely unofficial, unecclesiastic, unsacerdotal. There is nothing about it stereotyped, nothing formal, nothing antiquarian, nothing legalistic. Christianity is a spirit and a life. Directly the attempt is made to shape this spirit in some cold and crazy form of human stupidity or tryanny or superstition, then Christianity disappears. If it is to live, those things must be broken and repudiated. The whole of Christianity is this—a spirit of perfect love and trust towards God, a spirit of unfaltering charity to one another, a spirit which is made by a life, and that life the life of Christ. It is so simple, so obvious, that I believe there is not a human being upon earth who, if he knew what Christianity is, could ever reject it."—*The Christian Life.*

The History of Woman

H. Addington Bruce's learned book, "Woman in the Making of America," has but lately come from the press. Outlines of the life and deeds of many women, both the famous and the forgotten, are here made bright against the past which they helped fatefully to build. From the closing chapters on "The Women of Today" I note the development of the woman's club. This organizing and standing together of women marks a new era in the progress of the planet.

"Impressive and often thrilling as has been the story of woman's work and influence in past epochs of American history, it is safe to say that never has she played a more important part than she is playing today.

"With increased freedom for individual self-expression, woman has gained, and has taken advantage of, increased power to make her collective influence felt for good in the life of the nation. Nothing is more significant in this collection than the growth of the so-called 'woman's club,' which has developed into a most valuable and powerful instrument for social betterment.

"Its remote origin may with some reason be traced to the meetings of those early Puritan women who used to assemble at Mrs. Anne Hutchinson's home in seventeenth-century Boston, to discuss theological and other burning questions of the day.

"But it was not until the middle of the nineteenth century that women's clubs in the modern sense began to make their appearance, with the organization of the Ladies' Library Society of Kalamazoo, Michigan, and the Minerva Club of New Harmony, Indiana, the establishment of which speaks volumes for the progressiveness of the women of the Middle West.

"Naturally enough, while many of the women's clubs followed the example of the New England organization and embarked in various philanthropic enterprises, their chief concern at first was to benefit their individual members and to secure greater freedom of action for women in general.

"But as time brought with it increased recognition of 'woman's rights,' they became decreasingly self-centered. They acquired, so to speak, a 'community consciousness,' and began to attack problems of importance to them, not only as women and mothers, but also as residents of the cities and towns in which they made their homes.

"They undertook, for example, to study the conditions of life among the poor, and to agitate for sanitary and other reforms that would promote the health, happiness and efficiency of slum-dwellers. They established and aided educational institutions of all sorts—public libraries, schools of domestic science, manual training schools, kindergartens.

"Some laid stress on the needs for reforms in municipal government and administration. Others became busy hives of co-operative industry, a most impressive illustration being found in the work of the Woman's Educational and Industrial Union, a Boston organization which was founded in the eighties, and today boasts a membership of three thousand, and annually expends forty thousand dollars in helping the poor to help themselves.

"The next and inevitable step was a union of the different clubs scattered in all parts of the United

States. This was foreshadowed in eighteen hundred and eighty-nine, when a few literary clubs, in response to a call from Sorosis, federated with one another.

"In the following year, likewise on the invitation of Sorosis, delegates met in New York to form what has since become of nation wide importance as the General Federation of Woman's Clubs.

"Beginning with a membership of less than one hundred clubs, it has grown until, after an interval of not yet a quarter of a century, it comprises over five thousand clubs, with a total membership of four hundred thousand women.

"The presence of such an army is in itself a guarantee of a happy future for the land in which we dwell. All over the country the club women are waging a great battle for social progress. They are fighting vice and crime, ignorance and disease; they are demanding humane legislation to protect the weak and lowly; they make no compromise with greed, brutality or injustice; everywhere they are carrying on a great educational campaign to promote a higher cultural development, a livelier civic sense, and a loftier morality in the individual and in the nation. Their outlook is in no way restricted. They labor for the welfare not only of the people of their own day but of generations yet unborn.

"'Except in the United States Congress,' emphatically asserts Josiah Strong, president of the American Institute for Social Service, 'I know of no body of men or women representing so much of intellect and heart, so much of culture and influence, and so many of the highest hopes and noblest possibilities of the American people as the General Federation of Woman's Clubs.'"

The Fra. *Selected by Edwin Markham.*

THE HOUSEWIFE.

It is she who makes ready the army when the day is at hand,
When the bugle of labor is blowing its mighty command.
Oh, fierce are the feet of the workers who answer the call,
But swifter and fiercer the toil that hath weaponed them all.
Do we boast of their brawn? Do we trumpet the cause of the fighter
Who marches at rise of sun?
Lo! look to the woman! The heat of her labor is whiter!
Ere the work of the world has begun
She is up, and her banners are flying from yard and from alley,
The roots are a-flutter with eloquent streamers of snow,
Oh, not for a moment her passionate fingers may dally,
Till the soldier is shod and is fed and made ready to go.

Oh, weary the heart of the host when the battle is done,
But the woman is laboring still with the seting of the sun.
Does the worker return? She is able and eager with bread.
Does he faint? There is cheer for his soul and delight for his head.
Do we trumpet our gain? Do we sing of our land and its thunder
Of factory, quarry and mill.
Lo! look to the woman! Her love, it hath compassed the wonder,
And the army swings on at her will.
For hers is the whip, and her spur is the fighter's salvation—
In the strength of Jehovah she comes.
Her faith is the sword and her thrift is the shield of the nation,
And her courage is greater than drums.

March, march, march, to your victories, O man!
Fight, fight, fight, as you've fought since time began.
But she who hath wed you and fed you and sped you,
Fulfilling Eternity's laws,
Is she who hath soldiered the Cause!

—*Angela Morgan.*

The Social Revolution

For many weeks a discussion has been proceeding in our columns on the problem of transition from the capitalist state to the co-operative commonwealth. Representatives of many schools of thought, covering indeed the extremes of social theory, have outlined the methods they regard as necessary in bringing about the revolution they desire; and a great many readers of *The Christian Commonwealth* have contributed their views on the problem, have asked the experts more or less searching questions, and have criticized from various angles the suggestions of others. It is not our present purpose to hold the balance between these different proposals, but rather to summarize some of the conclusions to which the discussion most clearly points. Later opportunities will present themselves, we do not doubt, to enable us to show the bearing of this or that argument advanced by those who have taken part in this symposium upon the general social problem which faces us. For most, if not all, who have written, have been conscious that, however academic in form the question may be, it is nevertheless one that more and more insistently presses itself upon the attention of serious thinkers. With the deepening awareness of the modern mind that the inequalities and injustices of the present order must be redressed, there goes a corresponding feeling that we can no longer allow economic forces to work themselves out without guidance and control by the collective intelligence and good will of our time. *Laissez faire* as a political doctrine has definitely been abandoned.

That, perhaps, is the most significant fact which emerges from the conflict of opinion to which this symposium has borne witness. Even those who hold more or less extreme individualist views, like Mr. Josiah Wedgwood and Mr. Hilaire Belloc, are not prepared either to allow the present state of things to continue, or to suffer contemporary economic tendencies to develop uncontrolled and unchecked. Mr. Belloc declares that "to let things take their course" means the establishment of the servile state, and to place the means of production, distribution and exchange in the hands of the state means that things will be left very much as they are at the present time. And the fear that one or other of these undesirable alternatives must be regarded as inevitable throws a palpable gloom over his extremely lucid and vigorous mind. For Mr. Wedgwood, too, the thought of allowing existing processes to be developed is intolerable. And Mr. Arthur Ponsonby, though he seems to be doubtful whether any class is seriously bent on revolution, is clearly not content with the present order. From Mrs. Sidney Webb to Mr. Gaylord Wilshire, and Mr. Herbert Burrows to Father Adderly—all are agreed on one thing at least, and perhaps this one thing only—modern society is too shamefully cruel, mean and dishonest to remain unchallenged.

But the proposals put forward as stepping stones to a higher social order fail somehow to command the enthusiastic assent that we might look for when we realize how general is the feeling that change needs must come. It is, however, agreed that the

immediate duty of the apostles of social change is propaganda for the production of the revolutionary consciousness. What seems to lie behind this agreement is the recognition that the transformation cannot be, and ought not to be, brought about apart from the general sense of the community. The social revolution is felt to be, we may say, essentially a movement of the mass consciousness, and not the product of groups or schools, however expert. From this point of view it would be interesting to inquire whether the syndicalist propagandists like Mr. Wilshire have not a deeper understanding of the psychology of the situation than social theorists like Mr. Wedgwood or consummate strategists like Mrs. Sidney Webb. But in dealing with this problem of transition some sort of organization, some vehicle of the mass consciousness, is needed. It is dangerous to go on burying high explosives in the ground until the earth is so thickly sown with death that the slightest mischance will bring about a catastrophic upheaval. It is more encouraging that a few of the ablest thinkers on social and economic questions are turning their minds not, indeed, to consider the form of the future co-operative commonwealth, but to bridge the chasm that separates it from the capitalist state in which we live.—*The Christian Commonwealth.*

THE STUDY TABLE

Book Reviews

From *Macmillan* I get "Educational Resources of Villages and Rural Communities," by Prof. Joseph K. Hart, of the University of Washington. This book is made up of a series of essays or lectures, by friends of Mr. Hart, and by himself. They are mostly very attractive and will be of decided value. For myself, I do not care to hear anything more about play, as something specifically due to the young people of this generation. It is almost universally spoken of by reformers as a novelty. Good Lord! Do the people of this generation think we didn't play when we were boys? It is all true that huge cities have grown up, and there is no chance to play excepting in the dirty streets, and these city folks can open spaces as fast as possible. They need them. We country boys played "fox and geese," and "pull-away-fetch," and "three-old-cat" before these reformers were ever thought of. The little red school houses, down by the street side, always had room for a-plenty of fun; and we had wild strawberries just over the fence. This play business has got to be cranky; and you would judge by its pathetic essays that every possible legislative body must at once occupy its time creating playgrounds and play teachers; and forbid the boys to work, lest they be robbed of play and in addition might do a great deal too much to help their fathers and mothers. A moderate amount of this twaddle is hardly endurable; but just now we are getting an extravagant dose of it. However, the essay on play life in this book sums up the whole business very pleasantly. It points out that adequate play requires indoor and outdoor preparation for it, not only at home and in connection with the day schools, but in connection with Sunday Schools, and all other schools and organizations whatever. It frankly suggests that play is a long stride ahead of that other class of legislation which puts the boys in a lock-up for playing a game of baseball on Sunday. After we get through with the professional side of this reformation, just get the legislatures to throw open Sunday for recreation, and let our hard worked people of all sorts have a jolly good time making themselves more healthy and sweet tempered. Nearly every essay in this book is worth discussing, and it is for the most part decidedly progressive.

From the same house comes "The Christian Reconstruction of Modern Life," by Charles Henry Dickinson. The author's purpose is to spiritualize the social passion which is growing up. There is a lot of good stuff in this book, mostly plowed under.

Also from *Macmillans* I get "The Assurance of Immortality," Harry Emerson Fosdick. This book is well enough for the author's age. He cannot be over forty, and he should have laid aside his manuscript until fifty; then reviewed it; reviewed it again at sixty; and then at seventy. He should then have published it, or what he found left of it, at eighty; with a huge interrogation on the title page. What a terrible thing, if someone, or *The One,* should throw eternity open to us. This world is more than enough now. "I have many things to say to you, but ye cannot bear them now." Bear them? I should think not. We cannot *bear* what we have: that is, illumined mortality. The book is very able, however, and worth your purchasing.

Likewise the same publishers send me a queer volume entitled "Pinocchio Under the Sea," translated from the Italian. There seems to be something ridiculous about the whole thing; but I did not lay it down until I had read it through, and I guess you will do the same, read it.

One more book from *Macmillans* is "The Will to Live," by M. P. Wilcocks. This is a story of real value. I have not finished it, but I am taking my siesta with it. I am over eighty now, but I positively must live to see the last of the age of rotten novels. They are not even fit for social humus. This novel in hand will make excellent humus.

E. P. Powell.

OBSCURE MARTYRS

They have no place in storied page;
No rest in marble shrine;
They are past and gone with perished age;
They died and "made no sign."
But works that shall find their wages yet,
And deeds that their God did not forget,
Done for their love divine—
These are their mourners, and these shall be
The crown of their immortality.

Oh seek them not where sleep the dead,
Ye shall not find their trace;
No graven stone is at their head,
No green grass hides their face.
But sad and unseen is their silent grave—
It may be the sand or the deep sea wave,
Or lonely desert place;
For they need no prayers and no mourning bell.
They were tombed in true hearts that knew them well.

They healed sick hearts till theirs were broken,
And dried sad eyes till theirs lost sight;
We shall know at last by a certain token,
How they fought and fell in the fight
Salt tears of sorrow unbeheld,
Passionate cries unchronicled,
And silent strifes for the right—
Angels shall count them, and the earth shall sigh
That she left her best children to battle and die.

—*Sir Edwin Arnold.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

GENERAL CONFERENCE OF UNITARIAN AND OTHER CHRISTIAN CHURCHES.

(*Continued.*)

Thursday being the final day of the conference, there was a great rush of business to be transacted which prolonged the morning session. Two of the important events were the election of officers, and the selection of San Francisco as the meeting place for the next session of the conference, in 1915. Dr. Charles W. Eliot was re-elected president; the Rev. Walter F. Greenman of Milwaukee succeeded himself as general secretary and Percy A. Atherton was re-elected as treasurer.

A report of a special commission on theological education was presented by the Rev. Francis G. Peobody of Cambridge, Mass. It recommended the raising of the standard of education for the Liberal Christian ministry.

In the afternoon, meetings of denominational societies and departments were held.

At that of the "Unitarian Fellowship for Social Justice," presided over by its president, Rev. William M. Brundage of Brooklyn, addresses were made by the Rev. Edwin A. Rumball of Rochester, Rev. Charles F. Dole and Rev. Charles W. Eliot. All spoke on the general topic, "What can our churches do to help social justice."

President Eliot "compared the church to a great powerhouse, which should generate a vast amount of power to be utilized for action in a number of ways in the social world. The church should search out the best ways of application of Love and Goodwill through organizations which are established and have proven their good works; he declared it should invigorate these various agencies with the moral efficiency of a liberal Christianity.

"There are many problems which need the attention of the church," he said, and he named as some of these, child labor, the working of women in factories and the destructive tendencies of modern urban life. There are many organizations which have already proved themselves able contenders against these things and through them should go the moral energy of the church, working for righteousness and justice.

He recommended wider education for the ministers. He gave it as his opinion that a minister should have actual experience in social work before undetaking to lead his congregation in that work or spending the church money in its interest.

"There is a great necessity for the development of competent leaders for the church," he said. "Any orator who moves the emotion of his audience without knowing the results of the consequent action is a dangerous leader. The churches should bear in mind that the chances are that no social work will turn out for good unless based on wise leadership and on the clear principles of love and good will."

The address of Mr. Rumball was a remarkably clear, impartial and forceful presentation of the relationship of the church to socialism and the attitude which in his judgment socialist ministers should hold in their parish work and life. By vote of the Fellowship Mr. Rumball's address will be published. The final meeting of the conference Thursday evening touched the height of fellowship and inspiration. The subject for consideration was "The Unitarian Proclamation," discussed by Rev. Frederick R. Griffin; Mrs. Mary B. Davis, recording secretary of the Women's Alliance; President Charles W. Eliot; Rev. William Sullivan, and Rev. James De Normandie, the venerable minister from Roxbury, Mass.

Mr. Grffin spoke of the Unitarian proclamation of the direct relationship of man and God, Father and Son, and of the effect of this on character, working outward into conduct and responsibility.

Mrs. Davis placed the emphasis on our missionary proclamation, its power to convert and to save through the regenerating force of love—God's love and man's love.

Mr. Sullivan, whose recent accession to the Unitarian ranks from the Catholic priesthood gave peculiar interest and significance to his address, spoke with great feeling of the wonder and "awfulness" of the Unitarian declaration of the right of the human soul to immediate approach to God, without authority of church, state, book or interposing personality. He made the somewhat startling assertion that Unitarianism was no more *Protestant* than Catholic—it was quite independent and unique among religions, conserving, as he felt, the universal truths of all in a manner peculiar only to itself. Mr. Sullivan closed with a burst of devotional eloquence so spontaneous and so lofty that it moved his hearers deeply.

Dr. Eliot has never perhaps spoken with deeper and more devout feeling than in his proclamation of the 'All Sufficiency of the Unitarian Faith.' Its sustaining power under all the possible vicissitudes of life. He was most tenderly personal in the illustrations he used to justify his claim. He told of a conversation he had with James Freeman Clarke just after the latter had recovered from a very dangerous attack of pneumonia, when he was assured by Mr. Clarke that having trusted God, alone, in life, he found him altogether sufficient in the seeming hour of death; and that, also, Dr. Eliot said, was his own experience in his late very serious illness. His whole address was a noble declaration of hope and trust based upon the deepest conviction of the truths of the liberal religious faith which he held above all things, precious.

The last speaker was Dr. De Normandie, who dwelt upon the proclamation of the Unitarian belief in the nobility of human nature, its essential divinity,—a declaration which was the original rock upon which Unitarianism split off from Congregationalism. Amid all of the degeneracy of this and other times we find no reason to doubt or lose faith in the eternal principle of righteousness in the heart of mankind.

The benediction which brought to a close this most impressive program was pronounced by Dr. De Normandie, following some cordial words of satisfaction, appreciation and farewell from Rev. Richard W. Boynton, pastor of the First Unitarian Church, Buffalo, who was, throughout, the gracious and thoughtful host of the conference. W.

The gifted Hindoo poet, Rabindranath Tagore, who has recently been lecturing in London, has stirred the hearts of many by his marvelous insight into the needs of the devout life. From his little book, "Gitanjali," we reproduce two short extracts: "O fool, to try to carry thyself upon thine own shoulders! O beggar, to come to beg at thine own door! Leave all thy burdens on His hands who can bear all; and never look behind in regret." "When the heart is hard and parched up, come unto me with a shower of mercy. When grace is lost from life, come with a burst of song. When tumultuous work raises its din on all sides, shutting me out from the Beyond, come to me, my Lord of silence, with Thy peace and rest. When my heart sits crouched, shut up in a corner, break open the door, my Ruler, and come with the ceremony of a king. When desire blinds the mind with delusion and dust, O Thou Holy One, Thou wakeful, come to me with Thy thunder and Thy light."

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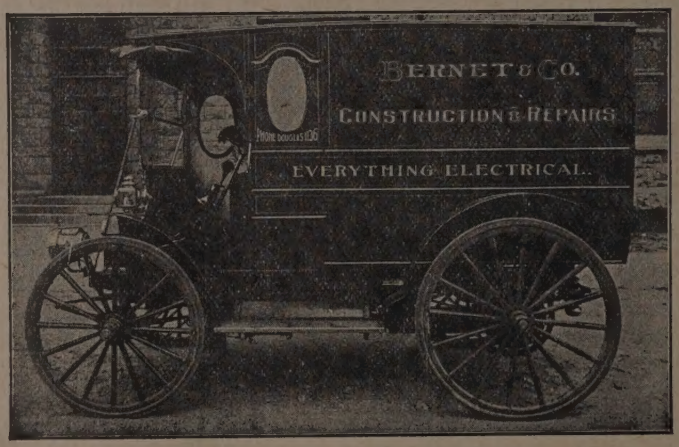

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